

Chapter 119: FROM MY OWN DAMN COMPANY!

Tess's POV:

I was at the bridal dress stylist shop in my last wedding dress fitting, everything was going well, and finally Ethan was in a hurry to marry me. Things were finally getting on track, and soon we could complete our revenge against the Browns.

I couldn't ignore the fact that I always wanted to get married. I loved the idea of the ceremony, being the center of everyone's attention, a bunch of loved ones celebrating with us and wishing the best to the new couple. I didn't really love Ethan, but he would do for the time being. Later, I could marry Alexander, when we had all the Brown's fortune.

There were still a few details that haven't been solved yet, such as our prenup agreement. Ethan hasn't mentioned that so far. I thought that he would like to be safe and would put some restrictions on his goods, because mine were a joke close to his. In fact, I was even counting on it. I would find a way for him to break the agreement, so I could have a good share of his fortune in the

worst case scenario. This was a little off. He probably wasn't with his head in the right place right now. But maybe his distraction could be used in my favor, who knows?

But as for the ceremony, everything was on place. The planner that I chose was wonderful and capable of performing real miracles. She was capable of organizing a wedding in just a couple of weeks. All that was left for me to do was take care of my dress and accessories. I wish I had caught up with Georgie Chesterfield, but apparently, she was recovering from a surgery and wasn't available for the moment, at least according to her assistant. Too bad. Maybe she could draw my second wedding dress then.

I was waiting for the stylist to finish the last adjustments, and later I would visit the wedding venue to check on how things were going.

Tomorrow we would have the rehearsal dinner, and our marriage will be on the next day. Who would think that I would be the new Mrs. Brown in a matter of forty-eight hours!

Seriously, nothing could stop our plan by now. Not even if Hannah would be able to appear at the ceremony and make a claim at the time when the priest always asks about someone knowing about

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something that could stop the marriage. Not even a toe would be out of place on my perfect day!

I was so distracted that I didn't hear my phone buzzing. I had a lot of meetings recently, so my cellphone was in vibrate mode only. I had finished one champagne flute and was waiting for my

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second one that the stylist's assistant was bringing to me when she mumbled at me: "Excuse me, Miss Astor, but someone is insisting on reaching you. I don't know if you haven't notice that, but Madame Redd doesn't care about phones, if this is the problem," she said.

"Oh, my God, thank you for letting me know!" I told her and reached for my phone. It was Alex. He had called several times, left at least a dozen messages, and a few voicemails. Something was wrong. Something was terribly wrong.

The phone rang one more time with another call from him. I picked it up immediately.

"Alex? What is going on?" I asked him worriedly.

"Oh, s**t! You finally picked this damn phone up! What the hell is happening with you, Tess?" He complained.

"Nothing... nothing. I was just a little distracted thinking about the next days, that's it, Alex. I was still catching up on your messages when you called me again," I told him. "What happened?" I asked him again.

"I... I won't discuss this on the phone, Tess. All that I'm going to say now is that I need to see you immediately, and that your husband-to-be is going to suffer the consequences of his acts," he told me. I could hear the anger on his voice. Ethan must have done something terrible for him to act like this.

"Okay, I will cancel my next appointment and will meet you at your apartment immediately, how

about that?" I suggested to him.

"Immediately, okay?" He demanded from me.

I sighed and murmured: "Fine, I see you in a few minutes," and hung up on him.

Lucky for me that my dress was ready, so I received the bag with it inside and took a cab directly to Alex's place.

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When I arrived at Alex's penthouse, he was sat on the dark with all the curtains covering the windows, sipping from a whisk glass. He even seemed a little drunk to me.

"Where the hell were you when I needed you the most, Tess?" Alex asked me when he saw me coming through the elevator doors.

"I was finishing all the adjustments in my wedding dress, Alex. I told you yesterday that this was the plan for today, don't you remember?" I asked him.

And then, he noticed the enormous bag that held my dress and nodded.

"Oh, s**t. You really told me that, haven't you?" He asked me and sipped from his cup once again.

"Alex, what is going on? You're getting me worried,

"I asked him cautiously.

"THAT BASTARD OF YOUR FIANCÉ! THAT IS WHAT HAPPENING, TESS!" He screamed at me. Holy s**t, if he was altered like this, something was really serious.

"What did he do to you?" I asked him.

"HE FIRED ME! FROM MY OWN COMPANY, TESS! FROM MY OWN DAMN COMPANY!" Alex screamed to me.

"That's it. Exactly what you heard me saying! I don't know how he did it, but he found out about the embezzlements that were occurring at Axel's," Alex told me.

"But hasn't that accountant guy that you arranged told you that no one would notice that you are bleeding the company?" I asked him.

"That is the point! I don't really know how Ethan found out what was happening! And then, it was just a matter of time for him to reunite all the signatures that were needed to depose me," he explained to me.

I sighed. This was really complicated. But we were so close to ruin him! "Oh, s**t. What are you going to do now?" I asked him.

Alex looked at me with pure irony on his face and told me: "I'm sorry, honey, but I won't be at your wedding now. I hope you understand that" he said.

"No s**t, Sherlock," I murmured to him.

"You need to help me, Tess. I have been helping you all these years. It's time for you to help me!" Alex begged me.

"And I will, honey," I promised to him. "What do you want me to do?" I asked him.

"That stupid piece of s**t has to die, honey. That is the only revenge that I will accept," Alex told me.

"And you you want me to kill him?" I asked him.

"Just like you did with old Michael," Alex explained to me.

"Yeah, but nobody suspected about Michael because he was already old. But everybody will suspect when Ethan, a healthy man like he is, suddenly dies," I tried to put some reason in his read. What he was asking from me was kind irrational.

"Oh, but I don't want you to do this immediately, darling. He has to suffer first. We are going to strip him from all power, money, and health first. And if it's possible, we will find that stupid little ex of his

and make her suffer too! She delayed our plan for too long!" Alex exclaimed. Well, about that part, I agreed with him. Hannah has messed up with my plans for too long now.

I nodded at him and murmured: "Well, I am pretty sure that we will come up with a plan at the right time. But for now, we both know that we have a goal that is coming closer, and we need to ensure that this part of the plan won't fail. You understand it, right?" I asked to him.

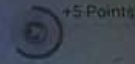
Alex made a face and murmured: "You are so obsessed with this wedding and your marriage certificate that I'm getting worried that you forgot that we are going through all this s**t to take revenge on the Browns."

I shook my head and exclaimed: "You know that I would never do such a thing, Alex."

Alex nodded but didn't seem convinced of my intentions. That was when I noticed that the level on his whisky bottle was significantly low.

"Okay, maybe you have had too many drinks for one night, don't you agree?" I told him. After that, I came closer to him to take the cup from his hand and close the bottle. When he saw me coming closer, he seized the opportunity and held me by

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the hips, so I fell on his lap.

"Do you really believe that I'm drunk like that, honey?" He asked me. And I could feel that at least one of his body parts was quite sober.

"I don't think so, but maybe your ideas are a little..."



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to dazzling," I told him.

"Well, never assume that I'm too drunk to sleep with you. Or better yet, to not to sleep with you, honey," he told me and then he started to move his hips against mine. I started to feel butterflies in my stomach and started moaning. What the hell!

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This man really knew how to please me.

"Alex, what are you doing?" I asked him a little flustered. I knew that the best thing that we could do was stop at that moment, but the truth was that I didn't want him to stop whatever he was doing.

"I'm going to take my friend's future wife right now, and she will have the best night of her life, so when she have to sleep with her pity excuse of a husband, she will remember about the only one who can fulfill her needs," he told me that as if he was a teacher explaining something for a student. After that, he started to kiss my neck, and I knew that he was preparing himself to continue his exploration heading south.

"Do you promise that tonight will be unforgettable?" I asked him. At that moment, I was completely putty in his hands.

"Oh, I do, darling. Just relax and enjoy the ride," he told me, and I lost myself in him immediately.



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